BROADWAY NOTE-BOOK.

MEN AND THINGS, THE COUNTRY ROUND. THE PERSONAL NOTES AND NOTIONS OF A BROAD-WAY LOUNGER.

Sometimes I turn out of Broadway into Fourteenth Street to see the Jersey girls eat confectionpassing the bag absent-mindedly one to the other. It makes me think of the days when Walnut Pill and myself were not fighting we were taking alternate bites of the same apple. Boys will be girls.

Do you like poctry ! Tom Sparrowbank thinks he writes it, and sends me this bit apropos of the big ball :
As from the throng of moving masks

I drew a space apart, Well known to some unknown to ma, By my imperfect art, One, in the habit of a nun. Stopped short as in surprise And through her domino I say

Two soft regarding eves.

Long looked we both, for half I felt Her gaze no mischief spoke. And then it was a woman's hand Reached to me from the cloak ; A voice I never heard before. But most sincere and sweet, Said, "Ah! my love, do we one Zore Touch hand to hand and meet t"

"Fair domino," I said, "indeed Unmask before you go. And tell your trouble in my ear: Why do you tremble se ?"
"I tremble for the virgin years When o'er my mind supreme, You were the hero of my fears The gallant of my dream."

"And did I never know your will When then, perchance, my heart, Like yours, was longing for a shrine, A mistr'ss, or an art ?"
"No, mine was all the pleasant pain, And Heaven permits it here. To say that still, as when a child, I follow your career.

"My husband passes-Nay! you must! No guilty secret mine." 's strong man's hand came frankly forth; I saw his dark eyes shine; In honor's way God keep you long!" These manly sounds I heard. "And never may you cease to be

They vanished in the moving crowd And left me wondering quite, Until I heard my comrade say: Whom have you seen to-night !" "To guess," I said, "were fruitless task

When all this maze I see; But if they ever come in mask, Two angels spoke to me."

Gossip says a theatre is going up at Twenty-third-st. and Seventh-ave, and a wax works gallery like Tussaud's at Twenty-third-st. east of Sixth-ave.

Colonel William Craig, an officer in the army from 1853 to '64, who married a relative of Mrs. President Madison, had a vast tract in Southern Colorado obtained from a French Count, Vibil, who got it from Mexico. Four or five years ago be bonded it for a cattle ranch at less than \$400,000. It is said that Ben Butler of Massachusetts got the bonds at about 10 cents on the dollia, chiefly from law services to Craig and a little money advanced, and is expecting to sell the tract in Europe, where perhaps William F. Shafer is trying to "place" it. Whete perhaps will from Butler of \$50,000. There are just two elements of strength Butler has for the Presidency: the Milesian vote, and a long purse to "take up a collection" with at the end of a pole down the pews

Madame Restell's great residence with large additions, right opposite the William K. Vanderbilt house, is to be called The Langham, and kept by Mr. Colt, of the Argyle, Babylon, L. I., whose hotel there has been very

A dry goods man said to me yesterday : "The best business going to one who understands it is the retail dry goods. See now successful the Sixth-ave bazaar people are: O'Nelli has bought a whole block front, though some of the leases he cannot pick up for two years. Crawford & Simpson near by have lately spent \$50,000 in extensions. Macy sells from three millions to five millions a year, and Valentine and Webster are now all of Macy's. Two of the Boutillier brothers are going to take the former Co-operative store, leaving the when a house doing toth a wholesale and retail trade supplied the latter from the former it was a sign of not doing very well; in brisk trade their buyers would be well distributed. Next to Claffin and to Bates, Reed & Cooley, the growing jobbing house was Tert, Weiler & Co. The reorganized A. T. Stewart's. more strongly still in another year with very rare French and German goods. Paterson silks were rather a drug and the commission houses which sold them full. Philadelphia goods were begging, too. William Lyie's quiit mills and jute works at the west foot of Twenty-third-st. ran 1,000 hands day and night, and till recently absorbed one-third of the jute coming into the country. Dry goods were hard to get off this spring from the long ter and over-production. Fifteen per cent was the retail profit at the largest house of its class.

read me a letter from a friend there : " All the women say it is true; all the men say it is a lie."

the best qualities of General Grant: he can conquer his propensities. When I think of him as I knew him sixteen years ago, the shave or the victim of drink, a genuine Rip Van Winkle, letting such companions as came without much greater mental growth except exdate for two great offices at once, and his self-control unsuspected and his pecuniary honesty unchallenged, I feel like saying: "Accursed be him who sets the bottle to his brother's lips!" Rather let it be said: "A loving and beloved wife is beyond all treasures."

have all temporarily or occasionally been topers. Nothwho never drink and cannot drink, like women and saints, think they know all about it. Warm men, warm in brain, warm in mind, strong in ambition, generally flirt with the bottle at some time, till experience and self-possession regulate them. After all, the worst thing about drink is the unprofitable company it brings, selfish, solitary, back-door drinker. The use of wine is to warm the nature up and make cold men fraternal. That is why dinner leaves men friends who began pale dents of each other. That temperance is to be suspected which leaves the head and heart at last formal and exact, like the two brass tacks in a dry goods store counter between which everything is measured off i yards-and often scant yards too.

eigiteen false acconchements in New-York this winter. Cause, absurd dressing to hide the boast of our mothers. Cities are not the places to study America.

se types. I thought I was in the Albany Legislature: the Senate was on trial somehow either before the As-sembly or the Courts or the People; I know not what. But the Senators all voted with a loud defiance, "No," and then applauded their vote; for it was a clear case of their being in the wrong and overpowered. I looked along the sullen line of half-bred men; I saw their coarse mustaches and sallow skins. At last they were either beaten or withdrew, - I know not which, - and a balloon came to take them away, a sober-sided, omnibus lloon, which did not excite me even to en sity. They were going in it to Albany, and Albany I les. I knew it was Albany, though it was not labelled. So I started with the great remainder of the people to go to Albany by the steamboat, and while we were just embarked I happened to look at the Senate balloon far off and up in the vista, and suddenly it burst. There was a loud exciamation all around me as we watched three men, mere tissue men, barely to be known as such, come tumbling down the infinite height. I saw it as plain as my ink upon these lines. Now I have not been in the Albany Lerislature since the respectable What made me dream about it ! Probably be ally this year, with its it. 34; of striking excurnists and press gag retorters. Or perhaps the stone

windy Homer Nelson Biennial Legislatures are more than enough. The Pennsylvania Solons, deprived of their annual railroad plunder, now sees to pass a bill annoying the few respectable cirizens to whom compli mentary pases are now limited.

The West Shore Hadson River Rallroad passes by more historical places than almost any other; right over its Weehawken docks is the duelling ground where cry out of a bag as they sail along from the dime stores.

Passing the bag absent-mindedly one to the other. It makes me think of the days when Walnut Bill and myself moved and whence the Americans captured Jersey went to school together up the turnpike, and when we | City or Paulus Hook; goes past Tappan where André wa hanged, and Haverstraw where he conferred with Arnold, and West Point and Stony Point, and finally past Newburg, where both the French and American armies rested a year or more after the war.

> The Weehawken ground is hard to identify now ; monument put there a few months after Hamilton's fall caused so many other duels by the spirit of competition It inspired in boys and fools that the Jersey people broke it down in 1820, though the slab upon it, which is about three feet by two and a half, remains in possession of a neighboring family. Oliver H. Perry fought a duel on or about this same spot with Marine Captain Heath in 1818. Decatur was Perry's second; the following year he fell on the duelling ground of Bladensburg. Perry threw away his fire. Alexander Hamilton's son fell on three away his fire. Alexander Hamilton's son led on this spot two years before his father, in a duel where he was, if possible, more the aggressor than his father; young Hamilton and General Hamilton were shot in nearly the same portion of the body, on the side just above the hip. Aaron Burr had fought on the same ground, four years before he killed Hamilton, with the lat-ter's brother-in-law, John B. Church, for slandering him ; Church's ballet went through Burr's coat. De Witt Clinton fought John Swartwout on or about the hilled, and shot Swartwout, who was Burr's strongest benchman, twice in the leg, and even then Swartwout wanted another shot, and Clinton had literally to leave the field without completing the satisfaction demanded. The Swartwouts were frequently at Weehawken as principals or duellists. Isaac Gouverneur was killed in 1815 by the Hamilton monument. In 1816 a greeer and a British officer fought a duel there in sight of a perfect circus of boats on the river and spectators from the rocks, and the grocer was shot dead; the grocer's brother a few years afterward killed the captain's brother. An editor named Graham was killed on the same spot in 1827 on account of a dispute at the card Several other persons were fatally or dangerously wounded at Weebawken.

How the ghosts of old houses haunt the deep-welled city's walls! Aaron Burr, when he killed Hamilton, lived at No. 30 Partition-st, now called Fulton-st. Hamil-ton lived at No. 52 Cedar-st., now in twilight at midday. After Hamilton was shot he was taken to the house of Mr. Bayard, at Greenwich thalf a mile from Richmond Hill, among the marketmen now). Richmond Hill, where Burr stayed nearly two weeks after the duel, was at the corner of Chariton and Varick sts. When Burr, astonished at the indignation against him, left Richmond Hill the eleventh or twelfth day after the duel, on Saturday night at 10 o'clock, he was rowed before 9 o'clock in the morning to Perthiamboy, where he took breakfast with Commodore Truxton ; Burr had with him a negro slave boy of his own. In that day there were plenty of slavenilow of Burr baving horses on Sunday, so after sleeping at Truxton's house he was driven on Monday morning to Cranberry by Truxton, and there he got a country wagon to drive him to Burlington, where he crossed the ferry to Betstol and was driven by the back roads into Philadelphia.

Mr. Conkling wa long at the head of "a machine" to New-York politics, and Colonel Aaron Burr was at the head of a body called in his time "the Myrmidons." Burr was assailed by James Chostham, the editor, and driven out of the party for this reason: "Your activity was uniformly apportioned to your selfishness. You were never active but when you had personal favors to expect. At the election for Governor in 1792, after the Federalists refused to accept you as their candidate, In 1795, when the Republicans made choice of Judge Yates in preference to yourself, you retired in dudgeon, and neither moved your lips nor lifted your pen in favor of his election. In 1796 you rendered no assistance to the Republicans at the election for Assemblyance to the Republicans at the election for Assemblymen. In 1797 you manifested some concern for and contributed your mitte to the success of the Republican ticket, but let it be remembered that you were that year a candidate for the Assembly! In 1798, the darkest period the Union has seen since the Revolution, you neither appeared at the Republican meetings nor at the polls. If you were then eloquent it was the eloquence of the grave. In 1799 you were still in your shell; you were neither seen at the ward assemblies nor on the election ground. But in 1800 you were all activity and zeal. Every ligament of your frame was brought into action. You even stood at the polls and challenged voters! But even here you were the same man; you were peculiarly interested in the success of the polls and challenged voters! But even here you were the same man; you were peculiarly interested in the success of the polls and challenged voters! But even here you were the same man; you were peculiarly interested in the success of the polls and challenged voters! But even here you were the same man; you were peculiarly interested in the success of the polls and challenged voters! But even here you were the same man; you were peculiarly interested in the success of the polls and challenged voters! But even here you were the same man; you were peculiarly interested in the success of the great that it was surprised one morning, when my friend invited use to work in the frame in vited use to work in the power that it was surprised one may friend invited use to work in the frame my friend invited use to work in the first through the action in vited use to work with in vited use to work in the first through the action in vited use to work in the first due to wait with in vited use to work in the action in vited use to work in the success of the great that the success of the great that it was surprised on void asking for my society. Doubless he kept in mind the fact that it might was generally carefind to use. However, on this fatter might man ; you were peculiarly interested in the success of for the Vice-Presidency."

The Hon Thomas Fitch, who represented Congress from Nevada and has lived in many of the States and Territoras, has settled down to the practice of law in New York. He was raised by General Baker, who fell at Ball's Bluff, and his wife was General Baker's ward. He is a man of both literary and legal ability and one of the finest public speakers in the country. He was the counsel for Brigham Young on numerous occasions.

A gentleman who formerly lived on Staten Island re cently told me that there has been a steady depreciation of real estate there for years, partly arising from the parity from the mosquitoes, which have spotled many a fair paradise, and partly from the oil refineries on the Bergen Flats and the Jersey swamps, which in certain winds throw a stiffing atmosphere on the noble heights where once our leading citizens delighted to stay all

Cuttier on Fifth-ave., bas a Millet-the "Sower of Seed for which the price is \$30,000; he has a Corot, the sub ject probably a Sappho, for which the price is the same and a Doré, with four fine heads in it, life size, repre senting the " Mocking of Christ," and cost only £150. Such is fashion.

York, is the most enterprising real estate improver at the State capital, Austin. He is a dark-skinned, brownish-haireli, tall, Alabama-born man, a perfect Yancey for the Union, and left Texas at the risk of his life rather than take up arms against it. He is a fine lawyer. Only recently has he been allowed by the Democrats to reappear in Congress. If Arthur is going to take a Democrat in semblance, he could hardly pick this man's equal in the South for practical influence. Texas has few negroes to deplore; her slaves were not

Judge Lochrane thinks the three Republican candidates easiest to win with are Lincoln, Logan, or Ruther-ford B. Hayes. The latter, he says, could take both the German and Temperance vote back

aware Senator, a very tall and lean man who looks as if he might easilybe broken in two. He is a batchelor, though he has lived sixty-six years. He sapports a sister and her family, and is said to do a good deal of sister and her fainily, and is said to do a good deal of charitable work among his kin and connections, while it costs him avery small amount for pers and expenses. He is a Methodist, owns the Bourbon paper in his state, and had never been in office until he came to the Senate. except to sit two years in the little State Legislature The power of his fame is broken in Delaware, and his recent election to the Senate for the third time was rather an accident. Many years ago his brother, whose name was Gove, and who was the founder of the Bourbon Democracy of Delaware next to Senator Bayard's fatherran for Governor and was opposed by the present Governor of the State. Stokely, who openly cut his name a the polls because Saulsbury had opposed a railroad in the lower county of the State necessary to the development of that portion. With long memories the Sauls-burys resolved to beat Stokely's nomination and had a man prepared, but he backed out, and it was supposed tha the Saulsbury faction would cut Stokely, so that to pacit fy them the re-election of Ell was promised. I see that Bayard's organ, however, uses very strong language toward Senator Saulebury, saying: "If conscientiously unprogressive and is assincere in his contempt tor progress and the friends of progress as in any other of his opinions. He believes the negroes incapable of being made better citizens by education, and that God has irrevocably set the limits of negro civilization just where we now find them. There is therefore something almost plaintive in the way he protests against the bill to aid colored schools in Delaware with the declaration that he expects to be called Bourbon and unprogressive. '

Two French peasants were deputized to make arrangements with a sculp or for a life-size figure of St. Peter: "Do you want him as living or dead!" asked the artist. After a consultation, the two peasants came to the conclusion to have bim living. They explained: "Just make him living, and if he don't suit us we can knock him on the head."

"What are you?" said a tear,
To a smile playing near.
"With a flickering shimmer,
You transiently glummer
On the meaningless features of mirra,
But you nothing exoress
Of the anguish and stress
That make up man's portion on earth."

TEAR AND SMILE

"You are rather severe."
Said the smile to the tear.
"For as day, to shine bright,
Needs a background of night,
So grief tensi be bordered with gladness;
And the light of a smile. And the light of a smile.

More than ouce in a while.

Helps a tear to unbosom its sadness."

Joseph Dawson.

BY JULIAN STURGIS.

LORD RICHARD AND I

CHAPTER I.

CHAPTER I.

Among the characters which I nave found worthy of study, that of Lord Richard stands preeminent. No other man has so, successfully deceived the world. The instruct of woman and the analysis of man have been equally at fault. His many friends, male and female, love him for his frankness and geniality; his political colleagues regard him in spite of his admitted sagacity as a very simple fellow. He is raised on a pedestal as The Honest Man, who sees clearly enough, but whose chief claim to admiration is that he is incapable of deceit, almost incapable of concealment. It may be that there are such guideless men in the world, and that they are not simpletons. I will not be dogratic on this matter. I will content myself with the assertion that Lord Richard, whom the world took for this combination of open simplicity and political sagacity, was a master of dissimulation. Even now I can recall my first impression of my friend's simplicity—an impression so strong that but for my invariable rule I should have trusted it. As I summon back to me his square figure, his blunt speech, his open eyes turned to miae with an air of innocent wonder, his easy talk of things political, I am almost surprised that I too was not deceived. By a constant effort I succeeded in reserving my judgment; I was rewarded by the gradual discovery of a most intricate and interesting character; I found him out. I was almost frightened by my unique success. I had to take the greatest pains lest he should discover that I knew his real nature; and in spite of all my care I soon found that he felt an occasional uneasiness in my presence. I suspected this uneasiness, and I cautionsly confirmed my suspicions by a few experiments. How happy he was in his inimitable air of innocence! He would seem to be puzzled by my constant presence; he started sometimes when he found me at his elbow. He had some times when he found me at his elbow. The proposed of the proposed o

know. He had an admirable manner.

I may say without vanity that I was an excellent secretary. I was constant in attendance, ready with my pen, patient in investigation. An apparent carelessness about his correspondence was in agreement with Lord Richard's attitude. As he seemed frank and guideless in speech, so also did he seem indifferent who might read the many letters which he left open on his tables. Or course I was not deceived. He knew well enough what to leave open. Yet in spite of all his eleverness I learned something more than he meant me to. By extraordinary patience and vigilance I succeeded in picking up many scraps of the secret history of contemporary politics. I kept a note-book; I copied many hits of letters; I wrote down many fragments of conversation. Little by little I obtained some valuable knowledge of the hidden mechanism of politics. I already felt at times as if my hand was on the wires. I had made up my mind to go in heart and soul—if I may use the expression—for a political career; and every day I had more and more reason to congratulate myself on my choice of my friend Lord Richard as the first step on the upward path. If ambition be a crime, I plead guilty.

I confess that I was surprised one morning, when my friend invited me to walk with him in the Park.

ladder. But though Lerd Richard was not more than five or six and thirty, he had no right to look so young as he looked on that eventful day. He assumed the most tempestuous spirits. 'Come out, he said, 'and see the sun, and the smart people in the Park.' He cultivated this habit of speaking of smart people; he liked to talk as if he were a rough-and-ready son of the soil; even such crides as these went to the increase of his popularity. 'Come and look at the swells, he said; 'and tell me all the narm you know of every one of them; then you'll be happy.' I laughed at his pleasantry; I did not refuse to go with him; indeed I was not unnaturally pleased to be seen with Lord Richard in the Park.

My pleasure was short-lived. In the very centre My pleasure was short-lived. In the very centre of the gar crowd, while I was leaning on my friend's arm and regarding the lovely ladies with respectful interest, my eyes suddenly encountered those of my cousin Tom. It was impossible to pretend not to see him. Lady Raeborough and a few of the choicest ornaments of London society were passing between us at the moment; but this did not prevent Tom from halling me with enthusiasm by a ridiculous name which had been given me by my schoolfiellows. I have always disliked this silly schoolboy trick of giving nicknames. I could see that the fair Countess saided, and Lord Richard began, as usual, to laugh aloud. Such want of tact as Tom's is scarcely less than criminal. My cousin's hat was shabby, and his clothes dusty, but his face beamed with its usual increasonable satisfaction. Tom is not wholly a humbug; I really believe that the company in which he saw me was not the sole Tom is not wholly a humbug; I really believe that the company in which he saw me was not the sole cause of the varuth of his greeting; he is strangely impulsive, and has a most absurd feeling for kin. Even the chagrin which at the moment I could not wholly conceal, did not moderate his arder. It was only natural that I should be pained to see him there and then. Indeed, I did not care to see him anywhere. He was only my tather's cousin, and I had never approved of him. He was a shittless man, and by no means a successful one; he had let sin some admirable chances of bettering his postion; he had defended his folly by a parade of scruples which were old-fashioned and fantastic. Indeed, there was in Tom much which called for the gravest disapproval. Judge if I was pleased to be greeted in the most brilliant crowd of the world by this elderly and shabby journa'ist!

As I was hurriedly asking the ficeessary questions

be greeted in the most brilliant crowd of the world by this elderly and shabby journa'ist!

As I was hurriedly asking the freessary questions about his wife and family, and at the same time forming kin any mind a picturesque account of this eccentric ceusin, which I could give to my friend, Lord Richard surprised me by resisting my attempts to draw him away. He is far more solid than I; he detained me easily. 'Introduce me,' he said in a lond whisper. I introduced him wondering; but the next moment I perceived his motive; 'felt sure that he recognized in Tom one of this gentleme, of the press. Nobody knew better than Lord Richard the value of politeness to journalists. It was strange to bear these two mentals at first acquaintisnes with a maner as if neither had a thought to conceal. As for Tom I really believe that he hides very little. Clever and accomplished as he is, I have sometimes thought him little short of an idiot. He did not seem in the least degree overcome when Lord Richard pressed him to vist him. 'I shall be delighted,' he said; and I can look up my young cousin here at the same time; he's often with you, I believe,' 'By George, he is!' said my friend; 'he's clover than a brother;' and he burst out langhing again. As we proceeded on our way, I heard him murmuring to himself that silly name which had be en given me at school. It was too ridiculous in a man of Lord Richard's position.

When we had walked a little way without further conversation, my companion asked with a suddenness which was, without doubt, the result of zaleu-

Inttle as possible. On this occasion I had been able not to see her at all.

'Was that his daughter?' asked Lord Richard.

For a moment I knew not how to reply. I could not acknowledge that I had seen my little cousin, and had not spoken to her. 'Was there a girl with here.' I had not suspected his power of improvising that serve of speech. not to see her at all.

'Was that his daughter?' asked Lord Richard.

For a moment I knew not how to reply. I cound not acknow ledge that I had seen my little consin, and had not spoken to her. 'Was there a girl with him I lasked in return. There was,' he answered with a sept of mockery in his voice; and in a moment he added 'By George! Is it possible that she and you are consins?' 'Only second-consins,' I said. 'I hope she may remember you in her prayers,' he said strangely. Then he seemed to forget my existence. I did not interrupt him; I supposed that he was busy with the intreacrees of diplomacy. I moved quietly at his chow, till I heard him humming to himself. I listened, but I could not catch the words; I made out, however, that he was humming a German song. I more than once detected the word ougen, which an consulting the dictionary at home I discovered to signify 'eyes.'

CHAPTER II.

Not long after the unfortunate meeting in the Park, Lord Richard subdenly spoke to me of the neglected borough of Mudbro'. I knew that there was likely to be a vacancy there; I had been waiting for a good opportunity of insinuating my own unerits as a candidate; but I had never expected that the first suggestion of my standing for Parliament would come from my friend. Of course I was well aware that the induces of Lord Richard's famity in Mudbro' was practically decisive. If the present member were really bent on retirement, and if the family supported me cordially, I might leap in a moment into that position to which I had long intended to climb. But my friend's ensought suggestion frightened me. What could be his object? I could not guess. I could only a same a proper modesty—a doubt of my own worthiness. 'Surely,' I said, 'you must know of some more important person.'

'You'll do capital's,' he cried out with his big voice; 'you're made for politics; you don't mind

voice; 'you're made for politics; yeu don't mind working up details; you're good at ferreting out things; you're not thin-skinned.' I laughed in a deprecating manner at his praise;

I laughed in a deprecating manner at his praise; but still my mind was busy with questions of his motive. I began to think that he wished to loosen the cords which bound us to one another. It seemed probable enough that with his great aenteness he had decided that I was learning too much of himself and of his correspondence with political friends. Of his real motive for banishing me, I confess that I had not the slightest suspicion. As I looked at him doubtfully, he began to laugh as usual. This habit of laughter, which while it covers awkward pauses commits a man to nothing, is of great use to Lord Richard. He arranged for my immediats detarriure, as if it were the best joke in the world. He planned interviews for me with the sitting member, with the local lawyer, with his own distinguished father. The fact that I was to be a great in that famous family mansion naturally

He planned interviews for me with the sitting member, with the local lawyer, with his own distinguished father. The fact that I was to be a grest in that famous family mansion naturally weakened my instinctive opposition to these sudden sciemes. Finally my friend begged me not to hurry back. I hastened to assure him that I should make no annecessary delay; and that, if I were ever fortunate enough to gain a soat in the House, even that need not prevent me from making myself useful to him. 'I could still act as escretary,' I said. 'No, no, no—damn it, no?' he cried, and hurried out of the room. I laughed at the joke, but I was still disquieted by doubts. How true my instinct was has yet to be shown.

Alas! I lingered at Mudbro. The cordiality of the amiable if medicient member for the borough, the stupidity of the principal constituents, the inxury of the Castle, in which I was a guest—all those combined to prolong my absence from my friend. Slowly and happily I was winning my way into popular favor; day by day in the leisarrely life of that quiet spot I was scentiming my costition as its future representative; when on a suiden I was awakened from my placulity by the news of the great catastrophe. It was in the library of his ancestral home that I opened the paper with no presentiment, and read that Lord Richard had been blinded by a flash of lightning. I could scarcely believe my eyes. Such was my faith in the man's craft and power, that I could scarcely imagine him the victim of an accident. I found it hard to believe that anything had happened to him which was not the result of the sound calculations. Even when I had realized the dreadful truth, I had no suspicion of the extent of the mistortune which had befalleu me. Indeed I saw good in the evil. I saw that Lord Richard's blindness would make him doubly dependent on my care and help. Although I notel—as it is my habit to note details apparently unimportant—that, when Lord Richard net with his terrible accident, he was driving himself home iron the suburb in

that blunt straightforward manner which I envied. For a moment I thought that the whole story must be false; I drew back my head, that I might consider my position. Then it struck me that he might be exaggerating his mistortune—pretending to be wholly blind, that he might excite to the highest point the popular interest and sympathy. In this I did him more than credit.

I waited in silence to discover to whom my friend was talking. Presently I heard the voice of my cousm Tom; and I letter to I confess my ill-founced certainty) that I understood the meaning of the situation. How sood, I said to myself, has he found a use for the confidential journalist to whom I introduced him? I felt no doubt (I confess it) that he was arranging with Tom how the story should be told in the metropolitan and in the it) that he was arranging with Tom how the story should be told in the metropolitan and in the provincial press; how England might be made to thrill from one end to the other by an account of this sudden catastrophe, which had befailen a rising public servant, and of the truty British pluck with which the awful consequences were borne. Intense curiosity nailed me to the spot. I had no time to think of the peculiarity of my position, as I listened with all my ears behind the heavy curtain. Even if I had tried to make my presence known, the words which presently reached me would have stricken me dumb. 'It seems impossible,' said

Even if I had tried to make my presence known, the words which presently reached me would have stricken me dumb. 'It seems impossible,' said Tom. 'My little Delia.' What was this! I gave such a gasp that I thought it must be heard. Could it be a sort of cipher used by these two men, lest there should be caves!roppers! No! The idea was absurd. How could there be fear of caves.droppers in Lord Richard's private rooms! As the talk went on, all could not utter a sound; it was impossible for me to make my presence known.

After a silence which seemed long, Lord Richard spoke. 'It seems almost in possible to me,' he said.' I thought that I did not care a jot for all the women in the world. I was rather badly treated by a woman, once, when I was a boy. After that I made up my mind to de without sentiment; I went in for politics; I thought I was strong as a honse—and it has come to this.' There was something both comical and pathetic in my friend's voice. I could not think what he meant by this strange departure. I did not try to think; all my mind was given to noting his every word, to impressing it on my memory. My report is absolutely accurate. My cousin Tom muttered some words which did not reach my cars; and then Lord Richard began again, speaking slowly and low, as if he were thinking alond. 'Sometimes of late, he said. 'I had caught myself in a strange mood, wondering if I bad not flung away the Lairest gift of lile, if it would not be said to grow old with no one near me—no one to care for me mach—no one but some fellow who served me for his own interest, chimbed on my shoulders, and would kick me down when I could help nim no higher.' How morbid a line of thought was this into which Lord Richard pretended to have fallen! Surely be could always command netter service than this, which he foreinad wed for the softening of my cousin Tom. It struck me as overdone.

'I never felt so strange,' my frieud continued presently with the same musing tone, 'as I did that morning when I met you in the Park. If I were some th

could only admire the speaser with a new wonder; even I had not suspected his power of imprivising that sort of speech.

'I was frightened,' he said after another pause, by the full consciouaness of her divine childhood. I relt myself old and worldly—unworthy even to think of her. I came away that evening with the fixed porpose of crushing this mad fancy of mine. I was coundent, and—and it has come to this.'

'It was awinl,' said Tom; 'it seems to me impossible now; I can't believe that you—that you—' That I am blind, or that I am in love!' asked Lord Richard, and he laughed out lond with his old boldness. 'The olindness I can stand well enough,' he said without a tremer in his voice. 'It's a bore for my friends—I shall vectamize you all—and for my political colleagues, poor devils! But it's this other thing—ti's this other thing which makes me tremble like a girl. I could have crushed it, but I canot crush it now. Now in the darkness I see her eves always; I can't escape; I can't fix my mind on the business of the session; I feel my weakness every moment. I shall take up my public life again; I shall do my work with secretaries and such like Lecessaries—but I can't face my long life a home alone. I can't do it. I've an odd fancy that heaven has taken my eyes, that should learn the meaning of those eyes of hers. I—I teel a fool—will you give her to me!'

'You ask a great deal, 'cried Tom almost angrily.' Poor little Delia! I don't want her to marry and go away from me; she's a child; I'd much rather she married a boy—a nice innocent boy with his way to make in the world; I don't like her going among people who would hold her cheap; you must see that it would be a grave responsibility for her; it would be a gr

see that it would be a grave responsibility for it would be r hard life to look after a.—ah! I beg your parton.

'Of course it would,' said the other: I ought to be led about by a little dog, like the rest of 'em.' He laughed as ne snoke: but Tom seemed to be touched none the less; he tidgeted and coughed and begged his pardon again. I have written down more than enough of this talk. In the end they agreed that Lord Richard should visit my cousin's strange abode as often as he liked: that he should be allowed to talk to be has when he would. Meanwhile neither of them was to give the girl even a hint of Lord Richard's wishes. As they gradually came to an agreement. Tom-became more cheerful. He did not conceal his hopes that the absurdity of the whole thing would become clear to my friend. 'See her as often as you like?' he said at lest. 'See her!' repeated Lord Richard softly. 'Ah!' cried the other again sharply, as if something hort him, what a foo! I am! Forgive me, and come as often as you can—and thank you' I do not know why he thanked him, but he spoke with deepest feeling. Tom is a strange being. It is my deliberate opinion that he was not in any sense eager that his daugnter should marry Lord Richard. I believe that his want of enthusiasm in contemplating this brilliant future for his child was real. He is fentastic. If I wished to speak hardly of my own kin, I should say that he was little short of an idiot.

CHAPTER III.

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Though I freely confess that I was astounded by the discovery of my friend's new purpose, it needed but a few minutes' solitude to make his motives ciear. After a few minutes of perplexity I again did full justice to his extraordinary audity. I had found out long ago that story of his youth. I had made the acquaintance of the lady who had frented him badly. I had smiled often to myself at the thought of her chagrin; for the galiant boy whom she had thrown over was becoming a personage in thought of her chagrin; for the gallant foy whom she had thrown over was becoming a personage in the world and the rich man whom she had married was unexpectedly chary of dram n is and ponies. Now if Lord kichard in his ri er channood made up awakened from my placulity by the news of the great canastrophe. It was in the library of his ancestral home that I opened the pater with no present and the property of the many control of the property of the many control of the property of the property

the sake of my own influence with my friend, I snould probably have failed; I have Lord Richard's power. Even if I had succeeded in separating the ill-assorted couple, I could not have done it without creating such a coldness between my friend and myself, that our old familiar and delightful converse would have been impossible. How familiar-how easy it was! 'What would you do with out me?' I asked jocosely one day, when I had written a handful of notes from his dictation and addressed them to his political friends; and I remember exactly the quick movement with which he turned his signifies face toward me and cried out, with laughter: 'Upon my soul! should miss you; you are good for the nerves; I've almost got over jumping when I hear you suddenly at my shoulter. But I must not linger over irrelevent reminiscences; it is one of the temptations to which my abnormally accurate memory lays me open; I must come to the climax of my little story.

In pursuance of my plan I prepared myself to ac-

In pursuance of my plan I prepared myself to ac company my friend almost every day to that river-side suburb where my cousin Tom presided over company my friend almost every day to that fiver-side suburb where my consin Tom presided over his caravanserai; but here I was unexpectedly foiled. I soon found that on this road at least it was not I but his faithful valet who was to play little dog to the blind man. I have nothing to any against Lord Richard's excellent valet; I never saw little dog to the blind man. I have nothing to say against Lord Richard's excellent valet; I never saw him drunk; it was his interest to preserve an excellent place. Still it is only fair to conclude that, like most of his class, he was prying and inquisitive. Certainly he was no fit companion on a sentimental pilgrimage. When my oders of attendance had been many times refused, I saw that I was wasting my time. But I could not abandon my design. I must appear to Delia as an important agent in the ousness, or where would be my claim on her gratitude? I must see her, or how could I insinuals that she owed Lord Richard's attentions to my diplomatic management? I was determined to impress this view of myself upon my pretty cousin's mind. I made up my mind to see her without delay. Since my friend refused my arm as a guide to the presence of his beloved, I must go to her alone. It was certainly more difficult. I had allowed so long a time to elapse since my last visit to that tumble-down about where I spent so many happy days of ooyhood, that I feared an attack of oatural, and not unpardonable, shyness, when I knocked anew at that well-known but shabby door. However, I trusted to that tact which had never tailed me yet.

Fate seemed to be against me. I made three journeys to my cousin's house at different bours of

is graved it supproval. Judge if I was pleased to be graved it supproval. Judge if I was pleased to be graved it the most brilliant crowd of the world it is not not maintained to the supproval of the supprovement of the supproval of the supprov

Seemed as if she could think of no more to say. She was silent, but the blush on her check grew deeper; she looked at him once or twice quirkly, and as often turned away her tace as if she for the said so often turned away her tace as if she for the think of the could not see the pretty trouble in her lips and eyes. I had never seen my little cousin look so prerty. Ah! Lowish fancies! Ah! memories of toolish childhood! What says the satirist: "Wait till you come to forty year." Lying there in the grass, I remembered how I had tried to kiss Delia when I came home one summer day from school, and how, in her pretty wiifniness, she had hoxed my ears with that little sun-brown hand. How pretty she looked as she sat on that old, gray, moss-stained seat! There was suppressed excitement in her face, and a look in her eyes as if she was not far from tears. She must have known how pretty she looked; probably some of the trouble in her face was due to the said thought that this prettiness was wasted on the cligible suitor at her side.

There was a pause; I seemed to hear it tiny insects in the air—almost to hear the beating of my heart. At last Delia moved, as if she could bear the silence no longer. He put out his hand with its new oncertain movement, and faid it on hers; and yet he did not speak. At last, with a great sigh, 'How I love you!' he said. It was solendidly done; it was suppremely effective. He mest nave felt the trembling of her hand, for he took his own great hand away, and laid it for a minute across his sightness eyes. 'I ought not to have aid it. I ought not to have dreated of laying this burden'—and here he stopped shert, as it something himdered his speech. It is an old, but an excellent effect. She said nothing; but her little hand came trembling to his, which had failen limp upon his knee. There was a light of pity in her face, which made it like an angel's. If he had been a rosy Cupidon, and she a Psyche newly awakered by love, she could not have looked more perfectly as if she doted os him. It was

when he touched her soft brown hair, he drew her head against his stalwart shoulder. I was too late, and I knew it; they had played the little comedy without me it they had played the little comedy without me it was an unlucky day for me. 'What are you doing there?' I heard the fierce whisper close above my head, and a nervous hand was on my collar dragging me backward It was Tom. It was an awaward situation. I had neither time nor breath for explanation. I returned to London full of melancholy thoughts.

I have forgiven both my friend and my cousin. What is the use of reseatment? Lord Riemard old not withdraw from me his political patronage. To his influence and that of his family I owed my seat for Mudbro'. As a public man I was worth propitating in the eves of my friend. I may add that I have done no discredit to bis choice. I flung my self with all my energy, if I may use the expression, into the strife of parties. By my own efforts and by a dextrons use of machinery, of which I contess myself proud, I have gained for myself a place in which? am independent of all aristocratic patronage. I have made myself a free man, and, moreover, a rising one.

It is as a private individual that I cannot but regard my friend and my friend's wife with a gentle regret, though without animosity. With neither Lord Richard nor Delia could I preserve a pleasant intercourse. It was no fault of mine; I was eager to be on the facting of a cousin in the house; but all my efforts to be consinly were vain. The husband indeed received me with langhter—almost with roars of taughter; but the wife was so cold that at last I could not ignore her show of dislavor. This cittle lady, whom we had all thought so soft, was cold and hard as steel. I did not gradge her the victory which she bad won. She had played her cards well. She was quite right to seeme a husband whose blindness was more than compensated for by his high position and comparative wealth. If she could have been made to think that she owed her prize to me, things would have bee

ing friends, who, when at break ast on their revara, rallied him as to the cause of his absence. In the minst of the talk he suddenly looked up aghast and said, in a trembling voice: "Is it possible that none of you see the woman stand ng there?" They all declared there was no one. "I tell you there is; she is my sister. I ber you all to make a note of this, for we shall hear of her death."

All present, sixteen in number, of whom Sir John Malcolm was one, made an entry into their noteboo s of the occurrence and exact date. Some months after this, by the first mair from England that could bring it, came the news that the sister had died at the very time of the vision, having on her death-bed expressed a strong wish to see her brother and to leave two young children in his charge.

IRVING AND THE DOGS.

IRVING AND THE DOGS.

From Notes and Queries.

The following ane-dote reached me many years ago from inques ionable authority, and as having been related. I think, by Irving hisself. It is the practice of the Scottish shepherd to bring his faithful colley with him in his attendance on public worship. On one occasion, when Irving was preaching in his native land, and no doubt to an overflowing ongregation, there was a large number of shepherds among his bearers, whose dogs were, according to custom, relega ed to the gallery, while their masters sa below. The dogs, it may be supposed, were all oid acquaintances, and might be expected to behave with decorum. But, unlackily, on this occasion a stranger was introduced; the intrusion was not only unwelcome, but was resented in a high degree; and the disapproba iou and snarling became at last so intolerable that the unfortunate newcomer was fain to provide for his safety by bolting cyer the front of the gallery into the body of the church, and escaping to the outside, pursued in the same precipitate manner by the whole body of his focs.

A QUESTION OF GRAMMAR.

A CUESTION OF GRAMMAR.

From The Middletown Transcript.

A few days ago a young man rom an Eastern college arrived at Tombstone, Arizona, and registered his name at the principal hotel. A socially-metined person in a blue shiri and wide-brimmed hat, who chanced to be in the office, good-natureally answered every question and volunteered a vast amount of interesting information about Arizona in general and Tombstone in particular.

"Do you see them hills?" as ed the Tombstoner, pointing through one of the office windows. "Well, then hills is chock full of pay dir."

The young man from the East looked shocked.

"Wyou should say those hills are—not 'them hills is."

The Tombstoner was silent for a moreout.

"you should say those hills are—not 'them hills is."

The Tombstoner was silent for a moment. Ho looked the young man from the East critically over, as il he was estimating the size of colin he wound wear. Then drawing out an ivory-stocked seven-shoter of elaborate style and finish, he said in a soft, mild, musical tone of voice that sounded like a wildwood brook nursing o'er its pebble bed: "My centle, masaited tenderfoot from the land of the rising sun, this here's a bint that you and me disagrees on, and we might as well have it seitled right now. I haven't looked in a grammar lately, but I say 'them hills is' is correct, and I'm going to stand by that opinion white I've got a shot left. I'll give you jest three minutes to think cahniy over the sun ject, for you probably spoke in haste the first time, and then I'll hear your decision."

The young man from the East looked down the delicately-chased barrel of the revolver into the placid depths of the eye of the Tombstoner and began to feel that many points in grammar are uncertain and liable to grow more so. Then he thought o'came to his d'ath by standing in from of Colordo Tom's seven-shooter," and of the long pine box going East by express with \$60 charges on it, and before haif the three minutes was up he was ready to ackn wiedge his error. "Since he had thought if over calmly," he said, "he believed that 'them minutes was up he was ready to ackn wiedge his error. "Since he had thought hills is, is right. He had spoken on the spur of the moment," he added, "and begged a thomasind pardens for his presumptuous effort to enositute bad in his hand, said:

"I know'd you'd say you was wrong after you right in without arguing when he knows he's gated.

The hair of a girl employed in a P.

The hair of a girl employed in an Eastern cotton-alit was caught in the macainery, toro off ner head, and ground into bits. But the girl didn't mind it into his head, and ground into his. But the girl didn't mind it into his conjugate and head, any formation that it only cost \$4, any how. This is one of the advantages of art over nature, -[Norristown Herald.